

# Hysterical

by Phoenix's Moon

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## Hysterical

\_Prompt: Coarse\_

\_Word Count: 300\_

\_Tag to 11x17\_

\_Some re-written dialogue from the episode. I'll probably go back and change it later, but, for now, what you see is what you get.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Sam's body lies in Dean's arms.<p>

Sam's hairâ€”perhaps it's a corpse's hair now, no, don't think like that, it's Sam, and you're going to get him back, he gets you and you get himâ€”pokes at Dean's skin like straw. Funnily enough, Sam'sâ€”\_Sam's\_â€”hair is coarse, even despite Dean's constant teasing: "Loreal's going to snatch you up if you don't cut that bird's nest."

Dean isn't sure if he should laugh or cry.

He half expects Sam to wake upâ€”because now death is just their way of catching some well-deserved rest before springing themselves out of the graveâ€”because his torsoâ€”anything but \_corpse\_â€”isn't cooling. (Okay, it's cooling slowly, but that's what happens when people conk out on a frigid cabin floor, right? Expectable. Reasonable.)

Dean barely hears the woman's whimper. He cocks his head, slowly, as

not to let the tears pooling in his eyes drip out.

"We've got to go." The other man's command is frantic, feral.

"We're not leaving Samâ€"

"\_We've\_ got to go."

"He's my brother."

The other man's eyes narrow, a golden glint dancing dangerously across his irises. "He's dead."

An inescapable itch claws at Dean's throat, tearing at his tongue and turning his mouth numb and his voice hoarse. He doesn't look the couple in the eyes, instead brushing his fingers over Sam's and sliding them shut.

"I'm coming back for you, you got that? I'm coming back for you, Sammy."

Dean lays Sam back down on the floor, gently brushing his hair behind his head in a halo-like pillow. Dean gets up, stalks past the quivering couple, and slides out the door without another word.

Through the cabin's slime-covered window, Sam looks peaceful, a dozing angel in plaid.

Dean still isn't sure if he should laugh or cry.

End  
file.